

# Columbia Democrat.

"I have sworn upon the Altar of God, eternal hostility to every form of Tyranny over the Mind of Man."—Thomas Jefferson

H. WEBB, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Volume X.]

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA. SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1846.

Number 11.

## OFFICE OF THE DEMOCRAT.

SOUTH SIDE OF MAIN, A FEW DOORS BELOW MARKET-STREET.

### TERMS:

The COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT will be published every Saturday morning, at TWO DOLLARS per annum payable half yearly in advance, or Two Dollars Fifty Cents, if not paid within the year. No subscription will be taken for a shorter period than six months; nor any discount allowed, until all arrears are discharged.

ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding a square will be conspicuously inserted at One Dollar for the first three insertions, and Twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion. A liberal discount made to those who advertise by the year. LETTERS addressed on business must be post paid.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Lowell Offering.

#### VILLAGE PASTORS.

The old village pastor of New England was a man having authority. His deacons were under him, and not, as is now often the case, his tyrannical rulers; and whenever his parishioners met him, they doffed their hats, and said, "Your reverence." What ever passed his lips was both law and gospel, and when too old and infirm to minister to his charge, he was not turned away, like an old worn-out beast, to die of hunger or to gather up, with failing strength, the coarse bit which might eke out a little longer his remaining days; but he was still treated with all the deference, and supported with all the munificence, which was believed due to him whom they regarded as "God's vicegerent upon earth." He deemed himself, and was considered by his parishioners, if not infallible, yet something approaching it. Those were indeed the days of glory for New England clergymen.

Perhaps, I am wrong. The present pastor, with his more humble mien and conciliatory tone, his closer application and unceasing activity, may be in a wider sphere, as truly glorious an object of contemplation. Many are the toils, plans, and enterprises, entrusted to him, which in former days were not permitted to interfere with the duties exclusively appertaining to the holy vocation. Yet, with added labors, the modern pastor receives neither added remuneration nor added honors. Perhaps it is well, nay perhaps it is better, but I am confident that if the old pastor could return, and take a bird's-eye view of the situations of his successors, he would exclaim, "How has the glory departed from Israel, and how have they cast down the sons of Levi!"

I have been led to these reflections by a contemplation of the characters of the first three occupants of the pulpit in my native village.

Our old pastor was settled, as all then were, for life. I can remember him but in his declining years, yet even then was he a hale and vigorous old man. Honored and beloved by all his flock, his days passed undisturbed by the storms and tempests which have since then so often darkened and disturbed the theological world. The opinions and creeds, handed down by his Pilgrim Fathers, he carefully cherished, neither adding thereto nor taking therefrom; he indoctrinated the young in all the mysteries of his faith with an undoubting belief in its infallibility. There was much of the patriarch in his look and manner, and this was heightened by the nature of his avocations, in which rural labors were mingled with clerical duties. No farms were in better order than that at the parsonage, no fields looked more thriving, and no flocks were more profitable than were those of the good clergyman, indeed, he sometimes almost forgot his spiritual field, in the cultivation of that which was more earthly.

On Saturday afternoon the minister was very busily engaged in curing hay. His good wife had observed that during the week he had been unusually bound up in temporal affairs and feared for the well being of his flock as she saw that he could not break the earthly spell even upon this last day of the week. She looked and in vain

for his return, until finding him wholly lost at night, in behalf of her family. She was to a sense of his higher duties, she deemed true to her duties as wife and mother; but it is her duty to remind him of them. So was from no higher motive than the in away she went to the field, and when in sight of the Reverend haymaker she screamed out, "Mr. W! Mr. W!"

"What? my dear?"

"Do you intend to feed your people with hay, tomorrow?"

"This was a poser—Mr. W. dropped his rake, and, repairing to his study spent the rest of the day in the preparation of food more meet for those who looked so trustfully unto him for the bread of life.

His faithful companion was removed from him and those who knew of his strong and refined attachment to her said truly when they prophesied that he would never marry again.

She left one son, (their only child,) a boy of noble feelings and superior intellect, and his father carefully educated him with the fond wish that he would one day succeed him in the sacred office of a minister of God. He hoped indeed that he might even fill the very pulpit which he must at some time vacate, and he prayed that his own life might be spared until this hope was realized.

Endicott W. was also looked upon as their future pastor by many of the good parishioners, and never did a more pure and gentle spirit take upon himself the task of preparing to a people in holy things. He was the beloved of his father, the only child who had ever blessed him—for he had not married till late in life—and warm affections which had been so tardily bestowed upon one of the gentler sex, were now with an unusual fervor lavished upon this image of her who was gone.

When Endicott W. returned home, having completed his studies at the University he was requested by our parish to settle as associate pastor with his father, whose failing strength was unequal to the regular discharge of his parochial duties. It was indeed a beautiful sight to see that old man, with bending form and silvery locks, joining in the public ministrations with his young and gifted son—the one with a calm expression of trusting faith, the countenance of the other beaming with enthusiasm and hope.

Endicott was ambitious. He longed to see his name placed in the bright constellation of famed theologians, and tho' he knew that years must be spent in toil for the attainment of that object he was willing that they should be thus devoted. The mid night lamp constantly witnessed the devotions of Endicott at the shrine of science, and the wasting form and faded cheek, told the coming fate of the infatuated worshiper.

It was long before our young pastor, his aged father, and the idolizing people who were so proud of his talents, and such admirers of his virtues—it was long ere these could be made to believe he was dying, but Endicott W. departed from life, as a bright cloud fades away in a noon day sky—for his calm exit was surrounded by all which makes a death bed glorious. His aged father said, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." And then he went again before his flock, and endeavored to reconcile them to their loss, and dispense again the comforts and blessings of the gospel, trusting that his strength would still be spared until one, who was even then preparing, should be ready to take his place.

Shall I tell you now of my own home? It was a rude farm-house almost embowered by ancient trees, which covered the sloping hill side where it was situated; and it looked like an old pilgrim who had crawled into the thicket to rest his limbs and hide his poverty. My parents were toiling careworn beings, and in a hard struggle for the comforts of this life, had almost forgotten to prepare for that which is to come. It is true, the outward ordinances of religion were neglected; but the spirit, the feeling, the interest—in short, all that is truly deserving the name of piety, was wanting. My father toiled, thro' the burning heat of summer and the biting frost of winter, for his loved ones, and my mother also labored from the first dawn of day till a late hour

for his return, until finding him wholly lost at night, in behalf of her family. She was to a sense of his higher duties, she deemed true to her duties as wife and mother; but it is her duty to remind him of them. So was from no higher motive than the in away she went to the field, and when in sight of the Reverend haymaker she screamed out, "Mr. W! Mr. W!"

"What? my dear?"

"Do you intend to feed your people with hay, tomorrow?"

"This was a poser—Mr. W. dropped his rake, and, repairing to his study spent the rest of the day in the preparation of food more meet for those who looked so trustfully unto him for the bread of life.

His faithful companion was removed from him and those who knew of his strong and refined attachment to her said truly when they prophesied that he would never marry again.

She left one son, (their only child,) a boy of noble feelings and superior intellect, and his father carefully educated him with the fond wish that he would one day succeed him in the sacred office of a minister of God. He hoped indeed that he might even fill the very pulpit which he must at some time vacate, and he prayed that his own life might be spared until this hope was realized.

Endicott W. was also looked upon as their future pastor by many of the good parishioners, and never did a more pure and gentle spirit take upon himself the task of preparing to a people in holy things. He was the beloved of his father, the only child who had ever blessed him—for he had not married till late in life—and warm affections which had been so tardily bestowed upon one of the gentler sex, were now with an unusual fervor lavished upon this image of her who was gone.

When Endicott W. returned home, having completed his studies at the University he was requested by our parish to settle as associate pastor with his father, whose failing strength was unequal to the regular discharge of his parochial duties. It was indeed a beautiful sight to see that old man, with bending form and silvery locks, joining in the public ministrations with his young and gifted son—the one with a calm expression of trusting faith, the countenance of the other beaming with enthusiasm and hope.

Endicott was ambitious. He longed to see his name placed in the bright constellation of famed theologians, and tho' he knew that years must be spent in toil for the attainment of that object he was willing that they should be thus devoted. The mid night lamp constantly witnessed the devotions of Endicott at the shrine of science, and the wasting form and faded cheek, told the coming fate of the infatuated worshiper.

It was long before our young pastor, his aged father, and the idolizing people who were so proud of his talents, and such admirers of his virtues—it was long ere these could be made to believe he was dying, but Endicott W. departed from life, as a bright cloud fades away in a noon day sky—for his calm exit was surrounded by all which makes a death bed glorious. His aged father said, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." And then he went again before his flock, and endeavored to reconcile them to their loss, and dispense again the comforts and blessings of the gospel, trusting that his strength would still be spared until one, who was even then preparing, should be ready to take his place.

Shall I tell you now of my own home? It was a rude farm-house almost embowered by ancient trees, which covered the sloping hill side where it was situated; and it looked like an old pilgrim who had crawled into the thicket to rest his limbs and hide his poverty. My parents were toiling careworn beings, and in a hard struggle for the comforts of this life, had almost forgotten to prepare for that which is to come. It is true, the outward ordinances of religion were neglected; but the spirit, the feeling, the interest—in short, all that is truly deserving the name of piety, was wanting. My father toiled, thro' the burning heat of summer and the biting frost of winter, for his loved ones, and my mother also labored from the first dawn of day till a late hour

heart was filled. She wished to share his sympathy, and receive his instructions; for she felt painfully conscious of her extreme ignorance.

It was our pastor who first noticed in my little brother the indications of mental superiority, and we felt them as though the magical powers of some favored order of beings had been transferred to one in our home circle; and we loved the little Winthrop (for father had named him for the old Governor) with stronger and holier love than we had previously felt for each other. And in these new feelings how much was there of happiness! Though there was now less health, and of course less wealth, a our home, yet there was also more pure joy.

I have sometimes been out upon the barren hill side, and thought that there was no pleasure in standing on a spot so desolate. I have been again in the same bare place, and there was a balmy odor in the delicious air, which made it bliss but to inhale the fragrance. Some spicy herb had carpeted the ground, and though too lowly and simple to attract the eye, yet the charm it threw around the scene, was not lost entrancing because so viewless and unobtrusive. Such was the spell shed around our lowly home by the presence of religion. I was with us the exhalation from lowly plants, and the pure fragrance went up the more freely because they had been bruised. In our sickness we had joy in the present, and bright hopes for the future.

It was early decided that Winthrop should be a scholar. Our pastor said it must be so, and Endicott, who was but a few years older, assisted him in his studies. They were very much together, and excepting in their own families, had no other companion. But when my brother returned from the pastor's study with a face radiant with the glow of newly acquired knowledge and a heart overflow in its desire to impart to others, he usually went to his pale, emaciated mother, to give vent to his sensations of joy, and came to me to bestow the boon of knowledge. I was the nearest in age. I had assisted to rear his infancy, and had been his constant companion in childhood; and now our intercourse was to be continued and strengthened, amidst higher purposes and loftier feelings. I was the depository of all his hopes and fears, the sharer of all his plans for the future; and his aim was then to follow in the footsteps of Endicott W. If he could only be as good, as kind, and learned, he should think himself one of the best of mankind.

When Endicott became our pastor, my brother was ready to enter College with a determination to consecrate himself to the same high calling. It seemed hardly like reality to us, that one of our own poor household was to be an educated man. We felt lifted up—not with pride—for the feeling which elevated us was too pure for that; but we esteemed ourselves better than we had ever been before, and strove to be more worthy of the high gift which had been bestowed upon us. When my brother left home, it was with the knowledge that self denial was to be practiced, for his sake by those who remained; but he also knew that it was to be willingly and jealously performed. Still he did not know all. Even things that heretofore in our poverty, we had deemed essential to comfort, were now resigned. We did not even permit our mother to know how differently the table was spread for her than for our own frugal repast. Neither was she aware how late and painfully I toiled to prevent the hire of additional service upon our little farm. The joy in the secret depths of

my heart was its own reward; and never have I regretted an effort or a sacrifice made them. It was a discipline like the refiner's fire, and but for my brother I should not have been even as with all my imperfections I trust I am now.

My brother returned from college as the bright sun of Endicott W's brief career was low in the western sky. He had intended to study with him for the same vocation—and with him he did prepare. O there could have been no more fitting place to imbue the mind with the wisdom that cometh from above, than the sick room at our pastor's. The chamber where the good man met his fate,

is privileged beyond the common walks of life; and Endicott's was like the shelter of some bright spirit from the other world who, for the sake of those about him was delaying for a while his return to the home above.

My brother was with him in his latest hours, and received as a dying bequest the charge of his people. The parish also were anxious that he should be Endicott's successor; and in the space requested for further preparation our old pastor returned to his pulpit.

But he had overrated his powers and, besides, he was growing blind. It was indeed said, that, notwithstanding his calmness in the presence of others he had in secret wept his sight away, and that while a glimmer of it remained the curtain of his window, which overlooked the graveyard had never been drawn. He ceased his labors, but a temporary substitute was easily found; for, as old Deacons S. remarked. There are many ministers now, who are glad to go out to day's labor.

My mother had prayed that strength might be imparted to her feeble frame, to retain its rejoicing inhabitant until she could see her son a more active laborer in the Lord's vineyard; and then, said she, "I can depart in peace." For years she had hoped the time would come, but dared not hope to see it. But life was graciously spared, and the day which was to see him set apart as peculiarly a servant of his God, dawned upon her in better health than she had known for years. Perhaps it was the glad spirit which imparted its renewing glow to the worn body, but she went with as that day to the service of ordination. The old church was thronged; and as the expression of thankfulness went up from the preacher's lips, that one so worthy was then to be dedicated to His service, my own heart was subdued by the solemn joy that he was one of us. My own soul was poured out in all the exercises; but when the charge was given, there was also an awe upon all the rest.

Our aged pastor had been led into his pulpit, that he might perform this ceremony; and when he arose with his silvery locks, thinned even since he stood there last, and raised his sightless eyes to heaven, I freely wept. He was in that pulpit where he had stood so many years, to warn, to guide, and to console; and probably each familiar face was then presented to his imagination. He was where his dear departed son had exercised the ministerial functions, and the same part of service which he had performed at his ordination, he was to enact again for his successor. The blind old man raised his trembling hand, and laid it upon the head of the young candidate; and as the memories of the past came rushing over him, he burst forth in a strain of heart stirring eloquence. There was not a tearless eye in the vast congregation, and the remembrance of the hour had doubtless a hallowing influence upon the young pastor's life.

My dear brother was settled for five years and as we departed from the church, I heard Deacon S. exclaim, in his bitterness against modern degeneracy in spiritual things, that "the old pastor was settled for life." "So is the new one," said a low voice in reply; and for the first time the idea was presented to my mind that Winthrop was to be, like Endicott W., one of the early called.

But the impression departed in my constant, intercourse with him in his home—for our lowly dwelling was still the abode of the new pastor. He would never remove from it while his mother lived, and an apartment was prepared for him adjoining hers. They were pleasant rooms, for during the few past years he had done much to beautify the place, and the shrubs which he had planted were already at their growth. The thick vines also which had struggled over the building, were now gracefully twined around the windows, and some of the old trees cut down, that we might be allowed a prospect. Still all that could conduce to beauty was retained; and I have always thought how easily and cheaply the votary of true taste can enjoy its pleasures.

Winthrop was now so constantly active and cheerful, that I could not think of death connected with him. But I knew that he was feeble, and cherished him, as I had done when he was but a little child. Though in these respects his guardian, in others I was his pupil. I sat before him, as Mary did at the Messiah's feet, and gladly received his instructions. My heart went out with him in all the various functions of his calling. I often went with him to the bed side of the sick, and to the habitations of the wretched. None knew better than he did, how to still the throbbings of the wrong heart and administer consolation.

I was present also when, for the first time, he sprinkled an infant's brow with the waters of consecration; and when he had blessed the babe he prayed that we might all become even as that little child. It was with him too when for the first time he joined in holy hands those whom none but God should ever put asunder, and and if the remembrance of the fervent position which went up for them, has dwelt as vividly in the hearts as it has in mine, that prayer must have had a holy influence upon their lives.

I have said I remember his first baptism and wedding; but none who were present will forget his first funeral. It was our mother's. She had lived so much beyond our expectations, and been so graciously permitted to witness the fulfilment of her dearest hope, that when at length the spirit winged its flight, we all joined in the thanks giving which went up from the lips of her latest born, that she had been spared so long.

It was a beautiful Sabbath—that day appointed for her funeral—but in the morning a messenger came to tell us that the clergyman whom we expected was taken suddenly ill. What could be done? Our old pastor was then confined to his bed, and on this day all else were engaged. "I will perform the service myself," said Winthrop. "I shall even be happy to do it."

"Nay," said I, "you are feeble, and already spent with study and watching. It must not be so."

"Do not attempt to dissuade me, sister," he replied. "There will be many to witness the interment of her who has hovered upon the brink of the grave so long, and has almost every incident of her life, from my very birth, been a text from which important lessons may be drawn!" And then, fixing his large mild eyes full upon me, as though he would utter a truth which duty forbade him longer to suppress, he added,